

MUSIC - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



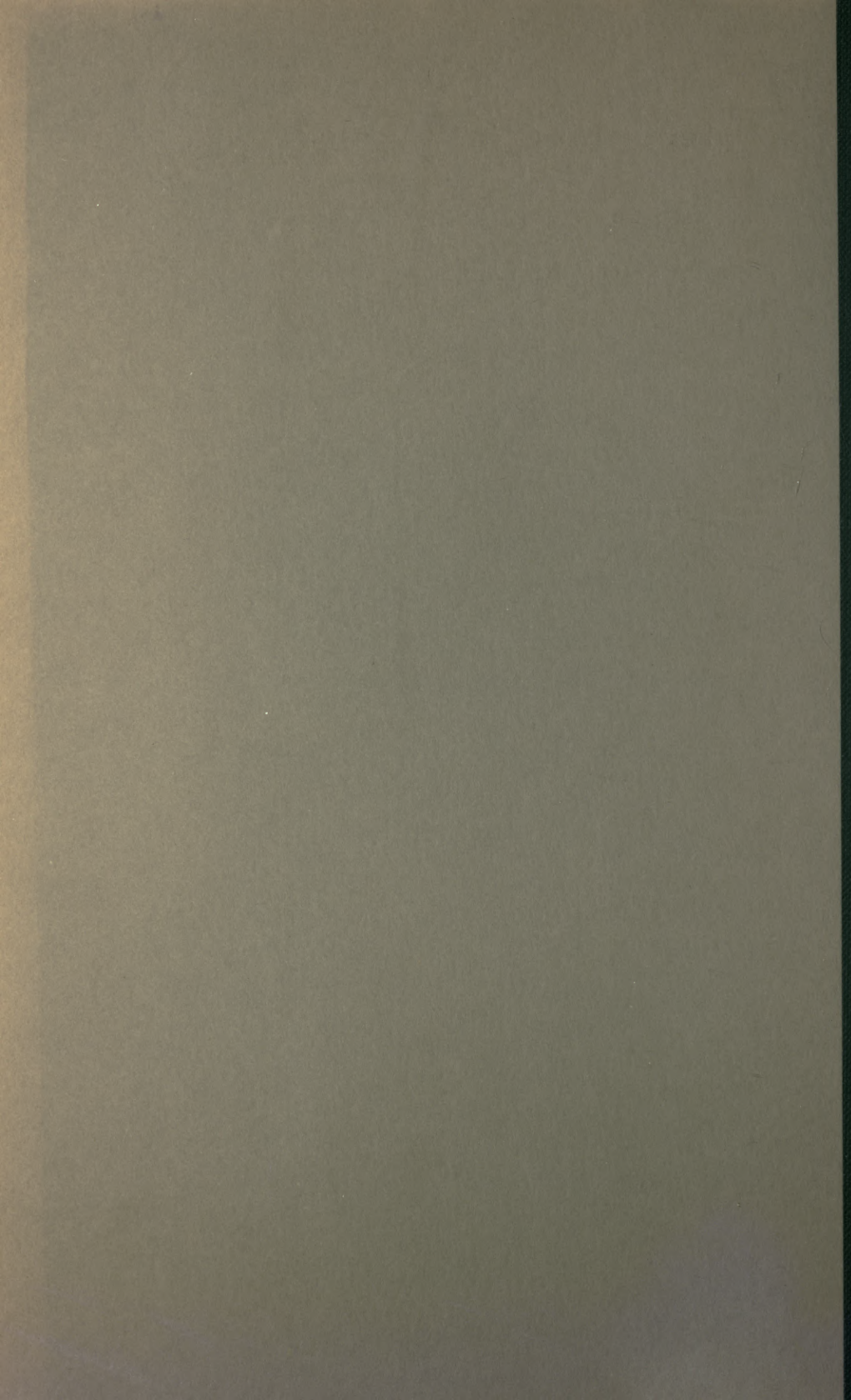
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Broad, J            Astor  
    [Columbia. Libretto.  
English]  
    Libretto of the patriotic  
cantata Columbia

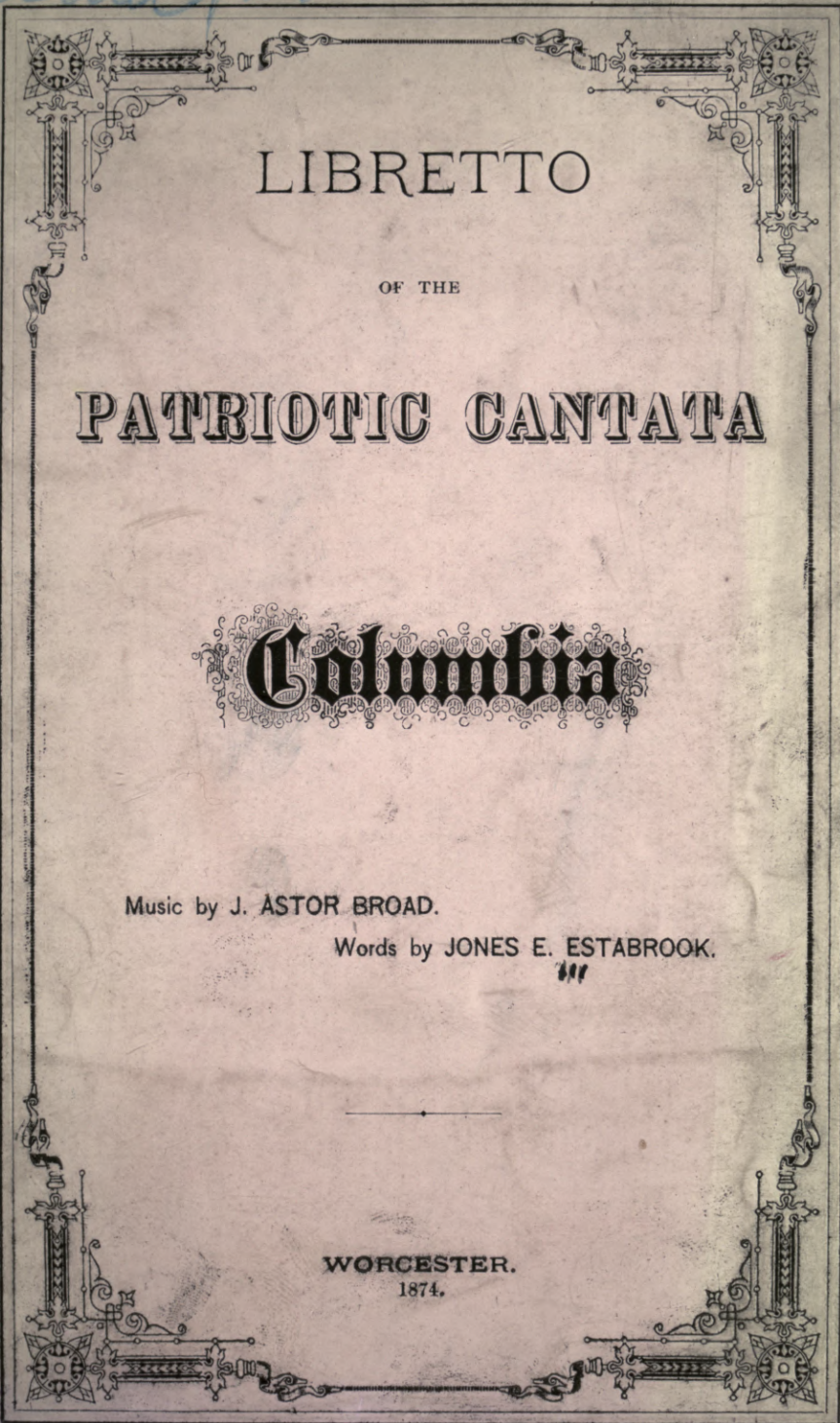
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*in Arch of Rev*



LIBRETTO

OF THE

PATRIOTIC CANTATA

**Columbia**

Music by J. ASTOR BROAD.

Words by JONES E. ESTABROOK.

111

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WORCESTER.

1874.

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# CANTATA.

## COUNTRIES AND CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

AMERICA, (Columbia.)  
ENGLAND,  
SCOTLAND,  
IRELAND,  
FRANCE,

ITALY,  
GREECE,  
SPAIN,  
GERMANY,  
SWITZERLAND,

RUSSIA,  
PALESTINE,  
AFRICA,  
GODDESS OF LIBERTY.  
TYRANNY.

## PART FIRST.—PAST.

### CHORUS OF NATIONS. (Concealed.)

Like the pilgrims of story, all weary, we roam  
From the land of our fathers, in quest of a home.  
We will seek, as we roam from the East to the  
West,  
A sweet covert and shelter, where weary ones  
rest.  
We have heard of a country, far over the sea,  
The fair land of our longing, sweet land of the  
free.  
Oh, thou spirit of freedom! bright angel divine!  
Guide the footsteps that wander to regions of  
thine.

### REPLY OF COLUMBIA.

What mean the thrilling words I hear,  
As foreign accents reach mine ear?  
What mean those notes across the sea?  
Why sighs the heart for soil that's free?  
Are there dark homes beyond the brine,  
Where freedom's sunlight cannot shine?  
Is there a spot, o'er all the world,  
Where freedom's flag is ne'er unfurled?  
If such there be, in thine own way,  
Thou God of right! O haste the day,  
When light shall pierce earth's darkest spot:  
Thy law no longer be forgot.

[*Exit Columbia.*]

### ENTER TYRANNY

There is a spot, my subjects say,  
Where suns go down the western way,  
A strange and rare, a wondrous land,  
That ne'er beholds a sceptered hand:  
Where courtiers ne'er their homage bring,  
For every man is born a king;

A land not ruled by force or might,  
But by the rule of love and right.  
Of this fair land, the land of song,  
Let poets sing, both loud and long.  
The heart of man has gone astray;  
The iron rule must make obey.  
Man will not yield to words of love,  
Until he treads the courts above.  
It takes the yoke and galling chain  
To bring man back to right again.

[*Exit Tyranny.*]

### ENTER COLUMBIA.

Ah, little ruthless tyrants know  
How they their retribution sow;  
That chains of iron cannot bind  
The force of man's immortal mind;  
That stronger than oppression's rod  
There rules a freedom-loving God.

From east to west, like Bethlehem's star,  
O come ye nations from afar;  
Proclaim the truth, that earth may know  
Each tale of joy and tale of woe.  
And first of all what can ye say  
Of good that gilds your ancient day?

### ENTER ENGLAND.

From the shores of old England, the queen of  
the sea,  
I have come, fair Columbia, now unto thee.  
As I speak of the glory her past can unfold,  
I'd not tell of her battles, her lands or her gold.  
I'd not speak of her warriors, her glittering  
sword,  
Of the sails on the ocean obeying her word;  
But I'd speak of her Authors—her monarchs  
of thought—

Who the battle of letters have conquering fought;  
Of her Shakespeares, her Miltons, her Byrons  
and Popes,  
Who have brightened earth's sunshine with  
smiles and with hopes;  
Of her gifted who've spoken with pencil and pen;  
Of her eloquent tongues, in the councils of men.

#### ENTER SCOTLAND.

Ah! I cannot, indeed, no, I cannot forget  
That the soil of my country with blood has  
been wet;  
That the brave of my country a glory have shed:  
That a Bruce and a Wallace for freedom have  
bled.  
And with pride do I gaze on the page that I turn,  
Where a Sterling's inscribed, and where glows  
Bannockburn;  
For the Scot loves the heroes who fell where  
they fought,  
As they poured out the life-blood that liberty  
bought.

But a glory unknown to the camp or the field,  
Do the heart-stirring words of her poesy yield;  
For where heart speaks to heart, in the tones of  
the dove,  
And the words of the muse tell the story of love,  
When the names of earth's warriors are lost  
and forgot,  
There will shine the bright names of her Burns  
and her Scott;  
And the love-laden pilgrim, beneath the pale  
moon,  
Will oft visit "Loch Katrine" and sweet "Bon-  
nie Doon."

#### ENTER IRELAND.

My country boasts a golden past,  
Where heroes true and brave,  
Defended her, by pen and sword,  
And died their land to save.  
Her Emmets and O'Connells true,  
With many a patriot one,  
Are now enshrined within the heart  
Of every Celtic son.

The words of Burke are telling yet,  
And melodies of Moore  
Thrill now the heart of Erin's sons,  
And ring from shore to shore.

#### ENTER FRANCE.

The gay land of the vine,  
Is this country of mine,  
But, amidst all her fashion and show,  
While enjoying the breeze,  
'Neath the shade of her trees,  
The bright past she rejoices to know.

And there's nothing to-day,  
That her people can say,  
To so fill with emotion her heart,  
As to show the grand acts,  
And to point out the tracks,  
Of her idolized, lost Bonaparte.

And the tears she would shed  
O'er her idolized dead,  
As she thinks of his battles, and sighs,  
Had they power to restore  
The departed once more,  
The old hero of Lodi would rise.

The true love she would bear,  
Through all sorrow and care,  
Though his star sank in Waterloo's night;  
Keep in memory dear,  
The more bright for each tear,  
The old hero of Austerlitz fight.

#### ENTER ITALY.

The harp whose truthful strains would tell  
Of Caesar's classic home,  
And sing the song of ancient days,  
The golden days of Rome,  
Cannot be tuned to tender lays;  
Howe'er its notes may jar,  
The harp that tells of elder Rome,  
Must be attuned to war.

The land of which my song would boast,  
Is one whose mighty hand,  
Outstretched to rule, was seen and felt  
O'er every sea and land.  
Her march was marked by wasted homes,  
Where fires of ruin curl'd.  
The tramp of her victorious hosts  
Was heard o'er all the world.

Her armies sailed to northern seas,  
And Albion mountain trod.  
The Briton, in his sea-girt home,  
Bowed down beneath her rod.  
She grasped the riches of the East,  
And Judah saw the hour,  
When Israel's sons, the owned of God,  
Paid tribute to her power.

The temple gates of war were ope'd—  
She bade her legions go;  
And when again those gates were closed  
She had enslaved the foe.  
The Lybian on the burning sand,  
The Gaul in rocky home,  
The classic Grecian, proud and strong,  
All owned the power of Rome.

The sword is not her only boast:  
 Her mould'ring fanes to-day,  
 The power of many a cultured brain,  
 And skilful hand, display.  
 Her truthful pencil speaks her power,  
 On many a nation's walls.  
 Long will her words of eloquence  
 Re-echo through their halls.

#### ENTER GREECE.

Of the past of my country with pride I can speak,  
 For I ponder with pleasure the past of the Greek.  
 But I care not to tell thee of strength of her arms,  
 Of the ruin of firesides or battle alarms,  
 Though the earliest poets are warm in their  
 praise,  
 Of the valor and might of her earliest days;  
 Though Thermopylae's story a glory has cast  
 O'er the name of the Spartans who honored the  
 past.

The most proud of the nations, whatever its age,  
 Would be proud of a Marathon gracing its page.  
 'Twas the land of Parnassus, the muses adore;  
 The bright home of Minerva—the harp's native  
 shore:

The sweet fields of Arcadia Æolus has fanned,  
 And the perfume has reached and enriched  
 every land.  
 Ere the bards of the present their fancy would  
 mount,  
 They partake of true nectar at Helicon's fount.

Her true glory was that of the culture of brain;  
 Not in Hercules' strength, but Apollo's bright  
 train.

'Twas the land of a Solon, the good and the wise,  
 Where the tones of Demosthenes rang through  
 the skies.

It was hers to the nations her letters to give;  
 While a scholar exists will her memory live,  
 For the student, forever, in ardor will speak  
 But in honor and praise of the classical Greek.

#### ENTER SPAIN.

The bright days of my land were the days of  
 the past,  
 Ere her profligate courts their dark shadows  
 had cast;  
 When the right hand of justice her subjects  
 would own;  
 When the wronged sought the right in the  
 power of the throne;  
 When her name through the earth was a name  
 that was feared;  
 When her councils were honored, her monarchs  
 revered;  
 When her flag spoke of power wherever un-  
 furled,

And her rights were respected throughout the  
 wide world.

When the bold-hearted sailor for ships was in  
 quest,  
 That might bear him in search of the isles of  
 the west,

There were none that were willing to hazard  
 their gold

In a scheme so uncertain, so daring and bold,  
 'Till the king of my country, old resolute Spain,  
 Gave the ships to the sailor, to sail o'er the main:  
 And 'twas thus that the hero, whose name you  
 now bear,

Found the means the dark wilds of the ocean to  
 dare.

Ever seeking more gold in her coffers to hoard—  
 Not content with the wealth her own mines  
 could afford;

With the grasping ambition, so ruling of yore,  
 She stretched forth her strong arm to your own  
 golden shore;

For the minstrels the legends most sweetly had  
 sung

Of the wealth of the spot where the aged grow  
 young.

The brave deeds that were done by the Spaniard  
 of old,

Through thy land, to all time, will be thrillingly  
 told.

#### ENTER GERMANY.

If glory means the fire and sword,  
 My country has her part.  
 She's done her share on fields of blood  
 To pain the human heart.

Her sons obey their Kaiser's will,  
 Their faithful hearts to prove.  
 A patriot pride their bosoms fill;  
 They know a patriot's love.

My nation's past was good and great,  
 Her warriors true and strong,  
 Because her schools had blessed the state,  
 And taught the art of song;

Because of words a Schiller taught;  
 Because a Goethe sung;  
 Because the strains Beethoven thought,  
 From all her hills had rung.

The teeming earth breathes more of Heaven,  
 As on her millions plod,  
 That Mozart's strains to them were given,  
 To lead their hearts to God.

The world's more free, that Luther's voice  
 Proclaimed the gospel word;  
 Well may the sons of men rejoice  
 That thy tones have heard.

ENTER SWITZERLAND.

No country vast, no wide domain  
Can mountain Switzer show:  
His fertile spots are few and small,  
Amidst eternal snow.

Yet sweetly from his mountain home,  
Where he and his were born,  
The Switzer speaks his daily praise  
From out his Alpine horn.

While echoing clear from cliff to cliff,  
His notes of music swell,  
He bows in awe while thinking o'er  
The tale of William Tell.

He loves the legends of his land,  
He heard while yet a child;  
He loves to tell his children o'er  
Each story strange and wild;

For in those tales of far-off times,  
He makes the present see  
The blessings of the Switzer's past,  
Whose mountain homes were free.

ENTER RUSSIA.

For Russia's rugged home,  
From which to thee I roam,  
My heart doth swell;  
Of her, the great and strong,  
With record grand and long,  
O, let my feeble song  
With praises tell.

In each historic line,  
Of this great land of mine,  
Behold her might:  
Almost around the world  
Her smoke of camp fires curled,  
As proudly she unfurled  
Her banner bright.

Though long in robes of white  
Through winter's chilling night  
She breasts the storm,  
Yet well she taught her foes  
That he, who conquering goes  
To smite amidst her snows,  
Will find them warm.

One cold and fearful night,  
By Moscow's lurid light,  
The world could learn  
That Russian hearts were brave;  
Their country's name to save  
They for her honor gave  
Their homes to burn.

But nobler far than all,  
She heard oppressed ones call  
Beneath the yoke,—  
She heard the cry of pain,—

She saw the damning stain,  
And broke the galling chain  
With mighty stroke.

ENTER PALESTINE.

While other nations point you back,  
Along a dim historic track:—  
Attempt, with rich heroic rhyme,  
To clear the mists of olden time,  
My land, the land my father's trod—  
Select and favored land of God,  
Brings time remote to mortal view,  
In records grand, inspired and true.

She points, with awe, to rock and mound,  
Where proofs of record now are found;  
And shows each roamer on her shore  
Where Abram dwelt in days of yore;  
The ancient tree, whose branches made  
The weary Patriarch's cooling shade;  
The ruined wall Jehovah curs'd;  
The well where Israel quenched his thirst.

She shows Engedi's rocky steep,  
And where the Jewish fathers sleep;  
The slopes which heard the plaintive strain—  
The shepherd Psalmist's sweet refrain;  
The place where rose the Temple high,  
Where Jesus stood in days gone by;  
The path o'er Kidron where he walked;  
The shore by which he ate and talked.

She shows the lake, enclosed by hill,  
Which heard the Saviour's "Peace, be still;"  
The mount, on which his blood he shed;  
The tomb, in which reposed his head;  
A thousand spots by man revered,  
Where once the Lord of Hosts appeared.  
So does the land from which I came,  
At every step, the past proclaim.

ENTER AFRICA.

I have come not with fervor and zeal to relate,  
How my fathers in battle defended the State;  
Not to speak of a small petty kingdom or clan,  
But the home of dark brows—of the African man.  
Though divines may have searched, in their zeal,  
for a verse,  
To establish the negro's inherited curse,  
Yet, permit me, Columbia, now in my song,  
To unfold what the negro has suffered by wrong.

For, alas for my land and the fair christian name,  
Be it spoken with sorrow, and spoken with shame,  
The pale nations from far sought the African  
shore,  
And the home of the negro was happy no more.  
Though the sweet name of Jesus was heard in  
each home,  
Whence the pale faced invaders to ruin had  
come,

Yet my fathers, confiding, were captured and  
torn

From their firesides so blest, and to bondage  
were borne.

When the negro was bound to his merciless toil  
As he tilled, with his life-blood, oppression's  
hard soil,

He was told by his master, who sat at the board  
Of the Saviour, where wine of communion was  
poured,

That the Father of Mercies, the Saviour of love,  
Looking down on the slave from the temple  
above,

Saw with pleasure the tear-drops, the partings  
and pain,

Heard the crack of the whip, and the clank of  
the chain.

He was told that the Book which enlighteneth  
man's days,

Had no word for the negro, inspiring his praise;  
That somewhere in the world, at some time, in  
some way,

There had some mortal sinned, and the negro  
must pay.

That his doom had been seal'd and enshrouded  
in night;

That there shone on his pathway no hope-giving  
light:

But an angel divine told of free lands afar;  
Taught the lessons that shone from the bright  
Northern star.

In his deepest distress there were some who could  
speak

Of the mercy of God to the poor and the weak:  
And could point to a Saviour who suffered to save  
E'en the hunted and outcast and manacled slave.

There were some who could see the bright dawn-  
ing all fair,

When the black, with the white, would true  
liberty share;

When the hope of earth's millions—the land of  
the brave,

Would be cursed by no master, be trod by no  
slave.

And the dawning, at last, like the glory of God,  
Broke in smiles on my people, consuming the  
rod;

And the flag that once spoke in the slaves trying  
hour,

Not of mercy and love, but of strength and of  
power,

To send back to his sorrow the slave who had  
fled

From the tyrant and curse, with a price on his  
head,

Meant at last, in its beauty, its glory and might,  
The protection of all, in their freedom and right.

#### COLUMBIA.

With patriot pride mine eyes I cast  
Along my country's glorious past—  
Behold the deeds that made her great,  
And made sublime fair freedom's state:  
When she her banner first unfurled,  
Her deeds of prowess thrilled the world.  
She heard the British lion roar  
And gnash his teeth along her shore.

She rose sublime in manhood's might,  
Proclaimed to earth the freeman's right:  
On fields of strife unsheathed the sword,  
And fought in strength of God, her Lord.  
On many a hard fought, gory field,  
Did pride and power of Britain yield;  
And many a shaft now tells of strife  
Where freedom's boon was bought with life.

The tones still echo through these skies  
Which made our patriot fathers rise:  
Again the words of Otis ring,  
And Adams dares defy the king;  
We hear again, with patriot pride,  
How tea was steeped in Boston's tide,  
And feel our hearts with ardor fill,  
At Lexington and Bunker Hill.

We seem again the voice to hear,  
Of him who knew no earthly fear;  
We hear again his fearless shout,  
At Princeton's early morning rout.  
The battle's thunder sounds again,  
Along the shores of Lake Champlain;  
Once more Ticonderoga falls,  
And hears when "Great Jehovah" calls.

In later times my land again,  
Heard martial tramp of armed men,  
When millions grasped the warlike arm,  
That naught fair freedom's shrine might harm;  
And God so willed that armed might,  
Returned the wronged, God-given right,  
And thus the nations blood did blot  
From out her flag, her one foul spot.

The voice of song cannot relate  
All things that made my country great:  
In all her past, one thought we see,—  
To be, indeed, a nation free;  
That she might words of greeting speak,  
And shelter give the poor and weak:  
To extend the warm and cordial hand,  
To men oppressed of every land.

#### TABLEAU.--The Reign of Tyranny.

## PART SECOND.---PRESENT.

### CHORUS OF NATIONS.

O sweet land of freedom, far over the wave,  
Thou bright land of beauty, fair land of the brave,  
We hail thee, like sunlight which gildeth the sea,  
Thou bright land of promise, sweet land of the free!

### REPLY OF COLUMBIA.

I greet you, ye nations from over the sea,  
To land of the promise, sweet land of the free.

### CHORUS.

We've heard of the past—of its glory and might—  
Have basked in the sheen of its radiant light:  
While hours of the present are gliding away  
What can we discern in the nations to-day—  
Of good, or of evil, O what can we see,  
To make our hearts yearn for the land of the free?

### ENGLAND.

Though virtues of the British queen  
Are Britain's boast and pride,  
And oft' "God save the Queen" is heard,  
O'er moor and mountain side,  
Yet we, her humble children, sigh,  
Who bear the British throne,  
And crave a spot, where we can call,  
A dear "sweet home" our own.

### CHORUS.

May England's sons that land behold,  
Where rich and poor a home can hold.

### SCOTLAND.

Too long we've breathed the pure sweet air,  
'Mid Scotland's mountains, grand and fair,  
To bear, with even seeming grace,  
The yoke of any land or race;  
And when we even hear the name  
Which speaks of Scotland's fall and shame,  
We sigh for lands beyond the sea,  
Where thrones are not, and man is free.

### CHORUS.

O may the Scot in beauty see,  
The glorious land where man is free.

### IRELAND.

Too long has lain on Erin's land  
The pressure of oppression's hand,—  
Too long the strong and hardy Celt  
The power of Saxon mind has felt.  
He sits like maid in sorrow deep  
Upon his lonely isle to weep:  
He seeks not scenes to him more fair;  
He sighs for freedom's native air.

### CHORUS.

Then grant him a home amid scenery fair,  
To breathe in its purity freedom's sweet air.

### FRANCE

The land of France, in beauty bright,  
Is gay at morn, and gay at night;  
Of merry mood, with spirit gay,  
She seems to dance the hours away;  
But sometimes sad beneath her vine  
Is this unstable land of wine:  
Sometimes her streets with blood are red.—  
She weeps and mourns around her dead,  
And then, for rule that's stable, she  
Would e'en her vine-clad hillsides flee.

### CHORUS.

O lead fair France that she may see  
The noble hills where man is free.

### ITALY.

I know Italia's wond'rous past;  
The deeds which made her name;  
I hear, at every step I take,  
The music of her fame;  
But Fame's no power to shelter give  
Her homeless poor to-day,  
Or drive from out her wretched huts,  
The famine fiend away.  
The tyrant's chains have firmly bound  
And crushed Italia's soul;  
She pines for freedom's blissful home,  
Beyond the dire control.

### CHORUS.

O haste from the tyrant's debasing control  
To shores where the waves of true liberty roll;  
Where homes for the homeless are waiting to see  
Th' oppressed of all countries, thrice happy and free.

### GREECE.

My country mourns the glories past,  
And weeps above the grave  
Of those who, in her classic days,  
Her name and honor gave.  
She's robbed of right, and robbed of gold,  
Her children walk in fear;  
At home, abroad, they ever feel  
That robber-hands are near.

### CHORUS.

O give her freedom's blessed air,  
And rays of light divine,  
That all her homes, now dark with fear,  
With blessed beams may shine.

### SPAIN.

My country, 'neath oppression's blight,  
Now sadly gropes in mental night,  
Though arms are raised to break the chain  
That binds the darken'd mind of Spain.  
The Spanish blood, that late has dyed

Her soil on many a mountain side,  
Proclaims to earth that Spain would be  
From kings and tyrant rulers free.

#### CHORUS.

O may that wish now nerve with might  
The arm which strikes for freedom's right,  
Till freedom loving sons of Spain  
Feel tyrant bonds no more again!

#### GERMANY.

Though Germany's throne is a throne that is  
strong,

'Tis at the cost of life;

Her sons must all march at the Kaiser's com-  
mand,

Engage in bloody strife.

She thinks of the future when war shall be done,  
And battle days be o'er;

She sighs for the time that the prophets foretold,  
When wars will be no more.

#### CHORUS.

There's a land where your children may nestle  
in peace;

Far away o'er the billows to rest,

Bear the dear ones you love, where the warrior  
will cease

To disturb in the land of the blest.

#### SWITZERLAND.

'Tis not for fairer skies I sigh,

Or hills more nobly grand;

Ah no! 'tis not for these I'd fly

My own, my native land.

The Switzer hears of fertile fields

Columbia gives away,

Where home, and comforts that it yields,  
The peasant's toil repay.

My lands are scant; my fields are small;

An humble fare is mine;

I hear Columbia's welcome call,

And brave the stormy brine.

#### CHORUS.

O heed the call, the welcome call,

Columbia sends to thee,

And find upon her acres broad

A happy home and free.

#### RUSSIA.

Though Russian hills are bleak and cold,

Yet Russian hearts are warm;

The Czar the freedom word has told,

And stilled the raging storm.

The word which lifted up the poor,

And quelled the stormy strife,

And gave to Russia's lowly poor

A taste of freedom's life,

Gives now each Russian heart desire,

That it may help to say

What Russian hand shall dare aspire

To guide her on her way.

The more of freedom's cup we drink,

The more we prize the boon;

God grant that man, so made to think,

May know true freedom soon.

#### CHORUS.

To know how blissful 'tis to live

Where men their homes may own;

Where none need fear a kingly frown,

Or bend before a throne.

#### PALESTINE.

Where once was heard the Queen of Sheba's  
praise

Of Judah's splendor in his palmy days;

Where tones of love from Jesus lips were heard,

As he proclaimed the never dying word,

The turbaned Turk, who bends at Moslem shrine,

With haughty mien, now rules this land of mine.

'Tis hard for Jewish lips the tale to tell

How all is lost that Judah loved so well;

But light, which sprang of old from Bethlehem's  
star,

Now blazes bright, to lighten lands afar;

God grant that lands where Judah's light doth  
shine

May pour in Jewish hearts the light divine.

#### CHORUS.

However cold and dark the world may seem,

There is a land where light divine doth beam;

It calls thee, Jew, across the stormy sea,

To worship God, as best may seem to thee.

#### AFRICA.

'Though the land of my fathers is groping in  
night,

There now gleams on my kindred sweet free-  
dom's glad light,

For thy chains, fair Columbia, so galling of yore,

Are now breaking the spirit with bondage no  
more.

And the youth of my kindred, so long in disgrace,

In the realms of fine culture are finding a place.

The bright stars that now blaze on that banner  
of thine,

Speak a peace to a million "sweet homes" as  
they shine,

Where the songs of thanksgiving are heartily  
given,

That the path is made brighter that leadeth to  
Heaven.

CHORUS.

May the stars in that banner, now beaming so  
bright,  
Ever speak to the lowly of beauty and light;  
May the field of its azure, like blue of the sky,  
E'er inspire, in fine culture, to realms that are  
high.

COLUMBIA.

"Though traitor hands have trailed in dust  
Yon emblem grand and fair,  
Yet, while it is the freeman's trust,  
And floats in freedom's air,  
It e'er shall speak with certain voice,  
That high and low may hear;  
Make righteous ones in right rejoice,  
Transgressing traitors fear.  
It says to all of every land,  
Who 'neath its folds would come,  
"Accept true freedom's greeting hand,  
A place within her home."

ENTER TYRANNY.

(COLUMBIA ADDRESSING TYRANNY.)  
The nations of the teeming earth,  
Thou would'st have thee obey,  
Have told the yearnings of their hearts,—  
What doth the tyrant say?

REPLY OF TYRANNY.

My rule is one that's hard indeed;  
The sceptre that I hold  
Is iron to its very core,  
Though covered o'er with gold.  
"Obey," is all the word I give,  
And when men do not yield  
I pile their bodies, wide and deep,  
Upon the ghastly field.

From days remote to present time  
Man would my bondage break,  
For this I've given him to know  
The dungeon and the stake.

By burning homes and dear ones slain,  
I've made man feel and see  
How much its costs to yearn and strive  
For powers unbound and free.  
If he will humbly bow to me,  
His toil and homage give,  
Rise not above the soil he treads,  
Then he in peace may live.

COLUMBIA'S REPLY.

Wherever beats a human heart,  
In whatso'er domain,  
Men hate thee in their heart of hearts,  
And curse thy galling chain.  
Though forced by might and power to bend  
Beneath thine iron rod,  
They for a time may yield to thee,  
Thou fearful curse of God,  
Yet, pulses of the human heart,  
Which beat for freedom's right,  
Will break, at last, thy bloody chain,  
In spite of all thy might.

Lay down thy sceptre, tyrant power!  
From stage of life depart!  
Thy bonds shall not control the mind,  
Or bind the human heart!

COLUMBIA AND TYRANNY.

Begone, thou tyrant power, begone!  
Thine arm shall palsied be!  
Thy words no more shall mortals heed,  
They will not bend to thee!  
No! no! from earth I'll not be gone!  
And when I speak, we'll see  
Whose minds my words of power will heed,  
And who will bend to me.

[Exit Tyranny.]

CHORUS.

O, free from the tyrant's debasing control!  
Fore'er may the waves of true liberty roll!  
Then homes will be brighter, for then we will see  
The freed of all countries thrice happy and free.

TABLEAU.--Contest Between Tyranny and Freedom.

## PART THIRD---FUTURE.

### FULL CHORUS.

We're happy, we're happy, we're happy and free,  
With none to molest us, on land or on sea;  
We hear not the drumbeat or trumpet afar  
Call soldiers to arms for the carnage of war;  
No cannon are speaking of bloodshed and death,  
Or blasting earth's joy with their sulphurous  
breath;

The sceptres of earth are all rotting with rust;  
The thrones have all crumbled, all crumbled to  
dust;

We're happy on land, and we're happy on sea;  
No tyrant now reigneth, we're happy and free.

### ENTER TYRANNY.

My power is no more; I'm no better than dead;  
The stroke of the freeman has fall'n on my head;  
I mourn o'er the earth all forsaken and lone;  
My sceptre is broken, my power has all gone.  
Ye nations, who revel in glory to-day,  
This sceptre, now broken, 'twas yours to obey;  
Ye've bent in the past and cringed 'neath my rod,  
Obeyed, in your weakness and trembling, my  
nod.

### (ADDRESSING COLUMBIA.)

From you came this downfall, who served as  
their friend;  
Your pattern and precepts have brought me this  
end;

You sounded a welcome far over the sea,  
And showed them how blessed it was to be free;  
You called to the outcast and wretched to come,  
And gave them a welcome to freedom and home;  
You taught them of freedom, and now I must  
pine;

I've none now to torture to slay or confine;  
The sceptre and chain are now useless to me,  
I'm scorned of mankind for all nations are free.

[Exit Tyranny.]

### CHORUS.

Yes, happy and free, happy and free,  
Mankind of all nations are happy and free;  
The world is now filled with a rapturous song:  
Ye mountains and valleys the accents prolong:  
The jubilee ringeth from hilltop to shore;  
The tyrant has fallen to trouble no more.

### (ADDRESSING COLUMBIA.)

Well might the hard tyrant in agony call  
For curses on thee as the cause of his fall.  
Thy tongue woke the echoes which often arose,  
Encouraging freedom and daunting her foes;  
The welcoming words that you sent o'er the wave  
Had power from the grasp of the tyrant to save;  
And songs of the millions who people the earth  
Now sing in their praise of thy glory and worth.

### ENGLAND.

On Albion heights thy praise is heard,  
And Saxon tongues prolong the word.

### SCOTLAND.

Each Scottish mountain, moor and glen,  
Re-echo back their glad amen.

### IRELAND.

Killarney, Cork and Dublin street  
The praises of thy name repeat.

### FRANCE.

The Franks, beneath their purpling vine,  
For thee their laurel wreaths entwine.

### ITALY.

Italian hands thy chaplets wreath,  
Make marble to thine honor breathe.

### GREECE.

The Grecian muse, in classic line,  
Exalts each noble act of thine.

### SPAIN.

From dewy morn to set of sun  
The Spaniard tells what thou hast done.

### GERMANY.

Thy name and praise the anthem fills  
Which echoes o'er the German hills.

### SWITZERLAND.

The Swiss, within his Alpine cot,  
Has not thy welcome words forgot

### RUSSIA.

From sunny shore to polar sea  
The Russ has only praise for thee.

### PALESTINE

From Edom's vales to Herman's height  
Jews praise thee now for freedom's light.

### CHORUS.

Where now is the African maiden  
Whose country was shrouded in night?  
Is she with her sorrow still laden,  
Or sings she of freedom and light?  
O Africa, often forsaken,  
If not 'neath the yoke of the strong,  
O come! and the echoes awaken,  
And swell the glad notes of our song.

### ENTER AFRICA.

The long dark night has gone at last;  
The mournful notes of woe are past:  
The Afric now a place may find  
In loving hearts of all mankind.  
Kind words are sweet that greet the ear  
Unused the kindly tones to hear.

(ADDRESSING COLUMBIA.)

My people now, from shore to shore,  
On thee their benedictions pour,  
That they enjoy the freeman's right,  
And bask in bliss 'neath Zion's light:  
No pirate now upon our strand,  
To steal our loved and curse our land;  
Thy banner floats above our seas  
To find, in truth, a welcome breeze.  
At morn and e'en the sire and son  
Kneel down to thank the Holy One—  
Our homes are blest with morning praise,—  
With grateful prayer we close our days,  
For He, whose rule is all divine,  
Has made us blest at hand of thine.

COLUMBIA.

With grateful heart I hear the nations tell  
How hand of mine has helped earth's weal to  
swell;  
How freedom's notes around the world can ring;  
How mortal knees now know but One as king.  
I bless my God that he the way has led,  
Though through the fire and where my sons  
have bled,  
That I might read the teaching and the sign,  
Hear freedom's voice in every tone divine,

To be the means, in God's all moulding hand,  
Of making free the men of every land.  
Praise God ye lands, O praise our God to-day!  
In telling song His works of love display!  
Praise God, that now from mountain top to sea,  
O'er all the earth, mankind indeed are free!

(ADDRESSING AFRICA.)

That e'n thy limbs, so long to feel the pain,  
Shall bear no more fore'er oppression's chain;  
That now to earth the joys of heaven have come;  
O praise the Lord for freedom's happy home!

COLUMBIA AND AFRICA.

Yes, all ye lands, the notes of song employ,  
And raise on high the strains of holy joy!  
Ye hills repeat that all the earth may sing  
A glad hosanna to our God and King.  
From east to west, from pole to pole resound  
Jehovah's praise, the circling earth around!  
For He upon a world, in gloom and blight,  
Again has spoke the healing beams of light.

CHORUS.

Praise, praise the Lord, and let the notes arise!  
Fill all the earth, and thrill the utmost skies!  
Praise God above, let angel hosts reply,  
For freedom's boon, O praise the Lord on high.

TABLEAU.—The Reign of Freedom.

FULL CHORUS.

O Freedom sweet, thy name we bless!  
'Tis one of love and righteousness.  
Thou breaker of the tyrant's chain,  
We love, we love indeed thy reign.

Thy rule is pure; thy law is right;  
Thy yoke is easy, burden light.  
May thy fair banner ne'er be furled,  
But bless for aye, God's smiling world!





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